

11050cm10  
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a coward people, men who loved not truth,  
the fathers whom they boast - Abram himself?  
Had he not entered Egypt - with a lie?  
Then - owed he not some gratitude to Pharaoh?  
And, for they were God's people, could not he  
be Israel's best service as he was?  
A man who daily breathed the air of courts,  
a councillor of kings, could hardly fail  
to see the beauty of expediency!  
A dweller in kings' courts would hardly fail  
to find much wisdom in expediency  
And daffling were the vistas in her wake:  
Kingship in Egypt; - a conqueror's arm swept  
compelling subject peace from other lands;  
A fostering arm for peoples in his care,  
that most of all should cherish Israel:  
Egypt the mighty, mighty in God's cause  
And witnessing for him to all the earth.  
The blessing to all nations - could it lie  
that even this might come thro' him or his?  
Such entrance had the temple won to soul  
less simple, faithful, true from self. For him  
the lesser glaise of sacrifice is lost -  
in high obedience. That perceives no choice,  
in faith so fixed on glories of the promise  
that all immediate & more personal good  
devoid of lustre shews, uncertain, dim,  
like men & trees & shapes of earth to eyes  
long filled with splendours of a western sun.  
Happy the people are in such a case!  
Yes, blest are they for whom their God provides  
salvages so meet for need so sore!



Some souls there are confined in <sup>ill-placed</sup> spheres  
Who feel within an energy divine  
That could, with peer scope, do mighty deeds;  
They see high work <sup>untouch'd</sup> around them lie  
Even the work <sup>man</sup> <sup>witness</sup> <sup>as theirs</sup> <sup>as theirs</sup> <sup>as theirs</sup>  
But cannot reach it, so hemm'd in as they  
Wish for a thing enough, & strangely often  
So importunity, tho' it be dumb.  
The wish is given: these one day find them  
With just the opening good desire had shaped  
Hindrances vanish'd, the work brought to their hand  
And Heaven's permit to test their fitness for it.  
No weak mistrust of self their ardent stamp  
With lofty confidence & fearless zeal  
They essay their powers: the goal draws near: when  
Some casual failure in self-mastery,  
Some want of judgment, tact, or reticence  
Makes shipwreck of the whole! So they escape -  
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey -  
Then, in the agony of self-abasement,  
Which is but pride taking the lowest place  
That so no further fall be possible,  
The condemnation issues from themselves  
They had refused to read in obstacles  
That hindered their advance: They are not  
They never were, they never will be fit  
For aught - but to escape from eyes of men

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And silent creep to an unhonored grave!  
 Less formal, oftentimes, is Heaven's decree;  
 This cherished work may still be kept for them  
 Till they have garnered up for future use  
 The teaching of their fall: permitted fall  
 That wary, humble, wise henceforth they walk  
 With spirits kept in waiting on their God,  
 Ready to do His work, and - <sup>wait</sup> His time

If thus it were with Moses, such his frame  
 In those first bitter months, when thankfully  
 He hid in desert-life from all his past  
 How would such frame sustain him as the months  
 Swelled into years & these in tens rolled by?  
 Would not his Work, his Call, cry out for him -  
 His people still in bonds, he minding sheep,  
 In all his full vigour only minding sheep,  
 And none raised up, Deliverer, in his room?  
 Was such inertness right - must he not strive  
 Aye, make unresting efforts to resume  
 The work so ill begun? Again should he  
 Not dash against the bars that shut him in,  
 To escape this stagnant life, risk all - Small risk -  
 In one more struggle for his people's weal?

Only the warped in mind thus fret & fume  
 And spend their force in mad attempts to chafe  
 The stubborn bonds that fix their place in life:



True natures acquiesce; - holding as Creed,  
That Circumstance, a sacred Oracle  
Speaks with the Voice of God to faithful souls;  
And the more dark the mandate, more opposed  
To all that erst had seemed the Will divine,  
A faith by use grown vigorous, draws from that  
But further proof that it proceeds from Him  
Whose way men find not out, nor understand  
The judgments of His mouth.

"Content to dwell"  
With Mishamis shepherd chief & herd his flock,  
The only record of the Prophet's mind  
~~Turn~~ <sup>in all</sup> these forty silent years of exile.

High years! that stand  
As the red letter period <sup>era</sup> of our race:  
Days when a man did prove how high <sup>how deep</sup>  
A man <sup>find</sup> might-reach in knowledge of his God,  
Height never scaled, depth never sounded  
Save by the Son who share His Father's being.  
O mystery of grace! that any man,  
Standing for forty years with open breast  
Beneath the full down-pouring <sup>dreaming</sup> of the Spirit,  
Should be at last so utterly fulfilled  
Possessed, imbued, with the mind divine.



11p54cm10.  
That apprehending human eye could meet  
the gaze of God:— that He, once among men,  
should catch the answering glance of sympathy!

To us who spend our days upon themselves,  
Who <sup>gutter</sup> lavish time on <sup>any one</sup> minute concerns,  
It is not given to pierce the depth profound  
Of such sublime communings: we but stand  
Upon the outer edge of that deep life  
And gather up stray hints from after facts  
Of how these forty years have training met  
For the great work God had set out for him.

Fit years! that crown the past & still prepare  
 for greater glories, due to him who hath,  
 Inevitable meed of such a life!  
 Pressed on by great occasions, men may do  
 Great acts beyond themselves; yet these afford  
 No measure of the man, but <sup>we judge</sup> rather this;—  
 The opportunities to do <sup>by</sup> ~~carries~~ <sup>carries</sup>  
 Planted by subtle hands in all men's paths,  
 Specious in seeming, splendid in result,  
 Just fitted to the nature of the man.  
 So natural wisdom, noble, right & fair,  
 And asking from obedience but slight reward,  
 (Obedience to a law too fine for words  
 Perceived alone by illuminated sense)



Some slight forsaking of the faith that waits  
for Him to rule + indicate their ways;-  
When in the natural cravings there assail  
The soul finds stay sufficient in the Word.  
When self-dependent scheme for noblest end  
Both shine out clear as tempting of the Lord.  
And when so full of worship is the soul  
That all idolatry is cast behind  
Nor would nor flesh nor devil can find place  
To <sup>shake</sup> <sup>allegiance</sup> the service of the steadfast soul-  
heart.  
Then is it meet that such a one should shine  
Transfigured in the glory of his Lord.  
Should share his secret converse; know his name;  
And that the flesh which had so little power  
To chain <sup>the</sup> soaring spirit, should itself  
Share the high freedom it had hindered not.

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A face, - and all the dreariness,  
That settles fine o'er daily life,  
Dispersed! - and pleasant are the lines!

To-day a gift; to-morrow, ripe  
Of sweeter promise; this and more:-  
A long sweet breezy tract, that leads  
No whither, draws full willing feet  
And heart that trips, <sup>today</sup> no ever treads.

The matter of its lay. What call  
To plan and dream of distant good,  
When all that is, that here may be,  
This gentle pleasure doth include:-  
To look into thy friend's true eyes,  
To know him larger than thou art;  
And in that freedom of the soul,  
With all the weight of self to part?

Sweeter than Love, for Love would arm,  
Would measure, hold, with wreaths confine!  
But, oh, my friend, I love thee free  
And would not dwarf thy life to mine!



Use were we one; a narrower joy;  
 An simpler self, the dubious pain:  
 But now, two several lives have I,  
 Another being do attain.

To think with other, greater thoughts,  
 To see with clearer, kinder eyes;  
 In each day's cross perplexities  
 To find an outside judgment rise;

Of personal interests, cares, designs,  
 To escape beyond the petty round;  
 To live within another's sphere,  
 With layer, sweeter interests bound.

From jarring of contrary minds,  
 And sadden scorn of all within;  
 From jealousies and rivalries;  
 From questionings that are of sin;  
 To rise into the quiet place  
 Of a serene, holier soul, -

And, ah! the rest - to quit the Self  
 Whose weight doth so oppress and stay;  
 To breathe a changed mental air,  
 At last, and as a child, elate!



11p58cmc10  
As act, or say, or do but think a thought  
And such & such shall surely come to pass,  
Necessary sequent of such act or thought.

O agony of ever narrowing walls  
That closer, closer, hedge in life and love  
And thought - and all of being, while the soul,  
Panting for freedom, gasping for more room,  
Feels herself daily straitened more & more  
By an insensate Law, whose iron links  
Have the full property to multiply  
And bring forth of their kind, till scarce the breaths  
Every breath is fitted with its fetter.

Get  
Glorious emancipation then to discern  
The true face of the Law: - that Law for us  
Not we for Law, exist: that Law is Will,  
The present, personal, living Will of God,  
Whose every motion's born of a need  
That presses on some creature of His care! -  
In a large room straightway the puppets  
And all the faculties do stretch & play,  
Expand themselves, break into vigorous life  
In this full inspiration of his air.

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## Law.

ilp59cmcl0

No vaporous speck of matter, dream of mine  
finds being, but it also finds a mate  
Calm, waiting to receive it - its own Law.

With fascinated eye men watch this truth  
Take certain, slow possession of their lives  
Their social converse, their most secret thoughts.  
No possible condition, or imagined change  
No sudden plunge from bliss to misery  
Or happier flight from direst woe to ease  
But straight ere the full sense of change is felt  
The Law of the new state doth rise & come  
With the slow ease of one who takes his own,  
To grasp and hold and rule to everyone.

As when the unbroken horse inath practiced hand  
Swerves from his course redoubles his first speed  
But fails to throw his rider, even tho' nervid  
With the fierce strength of penny, so do men  
Rush headlong neath the Law that curbs their state  
Only to find Law firmly mounted still  
The better state, a forfeit to their penny.

Fighting stinged insects, picking against precks,  
So all attempt to evade the course of Law.



11p60 cmc10  
By Christ had come, & since those days when he  
did, as a man, his fulness manifested - the  
stray fragments of his glory have shone forth  
with a most heavenly radiance thro' a man.  
Thro' chosen men of large receptive souls  
whom God hath filled with such transcending  
of grace or knowledge, that Christ <sup>measures</sup> shows in them  
with glory all alone: yet are these men  
not rounded out, comp. let in their perfection  
as were they gods, but in a vessel weak  
this single mighty gift doth burn & shine  
to light us to its Centre & its Source.

Lost in our dullness we shd. pass by these  
We ever see the glory shining round  
In some unquailing accents he proclaims -  
This is a man whom I wd. have ye note: -  
Yet, that to effort still the prize be given,  
The spring & impulse of these lives is seen  
By pondering much & praying. We see them <sup>themselves</sup> <sup>freely</sup>  
But how & why this more than human <sup>freely</sup>  
This, only as disciples may we learn,  
No none among the lives so singled out  
Is such rich measure of approval given  
No none does the imperative 'Go thou'  
So likewise of the Lord so point our hearts



p60 cmc10  
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11061 cmc10  
As to the chequer'd, sin & sorrow stain of  
faulty, yet holy life of Israel's King.  
With sense of relaxation, lessened strain,  
We learn that he, a man within our ken,  
Was 'after God's own heart.' - Here at least -  
To our own level is the standard lowered.

A sense of sin by shame & sorrow measure  
Forgiveness, raising a white heat of love,  
A mighty trust, born of almighty help -  
In no dead letter do we find there writ,  
For in like characters is spelt the tale  
Of life in us, & on to the fullest word  
Of sorrow, love & hope that pushes out:  
For not by measure is the Spirit's work  
And not by need, but out of His own fulness  
Pours He forth, till hearts of common men  
Find in the yearnings of the King's great soul  
The very power of utterance they crave.

And is there nothing more? Was it for this  
That He, the David's Lord, is call'd his Son  
As tho' some thousand centuries dwell in both,  
When He stood offering to slow hands the key  
Which should alike enclose two regions, else  
For ever shut on men, or shut against him  
The chambers of delight - which God hath planned  
And built in this fair edifice of life.

110610



ilp62cmcl0  
But men have wilful closed <sup>And cells of gloom</sup> to open no more.  
And cells of gloom which men have raised <sup>self-chosen prison</sup> raised in the  
Wherein prisoners lie their darkling souls.  
When none would see the darkness to be <sup>scaped</sup> escaped  
The liberty & light - inviting them,  
When none would stretch his hand to take the key  
Have ye not read, said He how David <sup>now buried</sup> David  
This pass to freedom I would give to you?  
<sup>proper it now were</sup>

A presence, brushing his garments, fanning  
His very cheek, is law to every man;  
Yet to dull souls, a presence unperceived,  
Things happening by day in order due  
Yet to their latest day, they happen still.  
Occasional glimpses flash on other <sup>in their eyes</sup> ~~on other~~ <sup>in their eyes</sup> ~~on other~~  
Of order, plan & purpose more than they  
More than they wot of, yet are there soon lost:  
In the minute details of thing immediate.  
Others again of intelligence more quick  
Perceive the unceasing action of the Law -  
Perceive, but to resist: or come to bow  
With a dull acquiescence, as to that  
They have no power to hinder. Curious minds  
Find here a field for speculations, ground  
For subtlest play of thought: To resolute souls  
This mighty agency is as a step  
To raise His throne <sup>yet</sup> higher in their hearts.  
But O, the warmth, & depth & breadth & height



11p63cmc10  
Of any soul that comprehends the Law  
And comprehending, loves it! That looking round  
Sees the common ordinance - is exceeding broad,  
Looking within, sees it exceeding near,  
Exceeding mighty, and exceeding sure!  
That looking up, discerns that Law is God,  
And, capt in awe & wonder, paying still  
Become enamoured of the loveliness  
Order & use and goodness that appear  
In all the working they have learned to call  
The form of God. Henceforth for them  
All strife and bitterness have ceased from life  
Submission sweet, they learn to take their law  
In daily portions, as dealt out to them.  
Meekly to bear, & yet, courageous act.

Of such a heavenly temple that was he  
Who could interpret when Christ taught in words  
That fell like babbling in a foreign tongue  
To the strange ears that heard of liberty  
Of buoyant freedom to be found in Law.  
He too, with sympathetic skill discerned  
The hidden impulse of Messiah's heart -  
The Law, within - for he, too, loved the Law.  
Not as his Lord, with love strong to fulfil  
Strong only to adore and to desire!



1864 cmc10  
A soul attuned to order; a will that waits  
The bidding of the law or e'er it stirs;  
A mind that with angelic apprehensions  
Should grasp the boundless reaches spanned by law,  
Eyes that should see in all affairs of men  
The inevitable sequence, which doth yet  
Produce as certain good, — for this the law,  
The very principle of all the laws.  
And, scanning the great universe, discern  
In all the forms of God's creatures, lines  
That blazon to the world His glorious Name,  
~~no~~ <sup>hizdarn</sup> ~~yet do not turn~~, as in the old star fable,  
To predicate the destinies of men.

Such the large longings of his mighty soul,  
Such, but far more than these — <sup>far more words</sup> ~~than any pen~~  
Even words flowing from his heaven-moved pen  
Could give expression to. Desire intense  
That his soul should be carried <sup>on the wave</sup>  
Of that impulse of Law which from the Throne  
<sup>proceeds</sup> ~~lessening~~, <sup>at moves</sup> ~~overpreads~~ the universe.  
Infinite longings; in union with the will  
Unutterable straining after God! —  
For these was David blessed among men —  
<sup>yet</sup> ~~was~~ not that he attained. Alas, his life  
All marred by error, strife & failure, proved  
A sad submissive forfeit to the law



ip 65 cmc 10  
He had no strength to keep. Yet not by this,  
His wretched rendering of the thought within  
But by that thought itself - the broken-off,  
Yet still renewed, true purpose of his soul  
Did the just God interpret his poor life.  
'Enlarge my heart, for I Thy law would know!!'  
By this his large desire is he judged,  
And so accepted; while more lawful lives  
That compass the desires of smaller souls,  
Unpraised are passed by, & he alone  
For this most precious praise is employed.  
The man who well approved himself to God!



## Rest:

ilp66mc10

A rest remaineth: - is rest then so good?  
The hope of weariness; a promise sweet  
To labouring souls: but wherefore rest in heaven?

Deeper than any thought of man,  
Sweeter than any dream of man,  
Fuller than any hope of man,  
To conceive which hath not entered  
Into any heart of man.

As the sunny air to the life of a bird,  
As a fair sea to the way of a ship  
As brooding sleep to the life of a babe  
So the infinite, unutterable rest of God  
To the blest souls that are upborne therein.

The rest we plan,  
Wherein to lay us down when labours end,  
Is other in its nature: in feelings, thoughts,  
In burdens left behind, and chief of all  
In the dear face of God, we place our rest.

But rest - ~~in things~~ <sup>element</sup>

That God has made as He has made the air,  
Incomparable, conditionless & free,  
That each blest life unconsciously lives within  
This enters not our thought.



11p67cm10  
Perhaps, once in a life (not then to all) -  
When in extremest strait, a hopeless soul  
Lies down beneath its burden, - heaven's gate opens  
And that soul, for one supernatural moment,  
Is taken in, & steeped & bathed in rest.

Thus was it once;  
A feeble body, & a brain o'er-fraught  
With many thoughts and cares; a desolate heart -  
Brooding over empty places in the earth  
Not to be filled again. Life was too much.  
The fainting body & more languid soul  
Made plaint, for voice too feeble. Lord, how long?

And then it came:  
The revelation of the infinite  
Eternal rest of God.  
It came; but how to tell of it! -  
As well give features & a form  
To something, hallow'd neath the charm  
That quiets summer sabbaths.

It came; but not with words; too worn the heart -  
For any sound of words, tho' words of life;  
With the sweet comprehending of a word  
That knew & pitied & was strong to help.  
It came this quieting from the hand of God.

And the heart lay still  
And ceased from itself:  
No purpose, no longer, not penitence was there  
No praise nor love found place, but a great rest.



ilp68cmcl0  
A rest that steeped the soul & bore it up  
And circled it and shadow'd. Only rest;  
Not knowing, having, being, aught:  
Yet life our love had ever after brought  
So full a draught.

And as the soul lay still  
For hours, perhaps, or moments - anon ~~there~~ came  
A writing on the wall of ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> chamber:  
He did not think; but half-unconscious, read  
The words there writ: - 'As one is comforted  
Whom comforteth his mother: so pray  
That ~~can~~ <sup>with</sup> wit of one good thing prepared  
Of God for us: His children,



Man has no creative power, because  
 Creation an infinite exhaustive act.  
 Everything exists - nothing remains to be.  
 So man has faith - power to see that  
 which is - not to call forth that which  
 is not - Faith an infinite faculty.  
 All scientific discoveries - works of art -  
 genius thought - not - creations, but -  
 faith grasping facts & making them  
 visible - We delight in such, not as  
 new things but as the expression of  
 something within us. If it were  
 possible for a man to create - to  
 bring forth something actually new  
 to which nothing in us responds & owns,  
 as familiar, how uncanny he w<sup>d</sup> seem -  
 & how he weird & astray he must  
 feel, something between a god & nothing.  
 A planet that had lost its way.

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## Friendship

ilp70cmel0

(A cord there is which oftentimes doth join  
Two several lives in one perfected being)  
Of three bright-different strands this cord is spun.  
Two, from a heavenly loom are straight-run out;  
The third, from his own substance doth man fetch  
Even as the spider draws wherewith to make  
Her web from her own body: - yet - even this  
Did issue from above like other two  
But differs from them in that from the first  
It loyeth in man's bosom, & must wait  
His will to draw it forth & wind with these  
In true strength invincible. Should he fail  
Or draw with rippard & uncertain hand,  
The other two, still running out to seek  
Full measure of this third wherewith to wind  
Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives  
With many a let and hindrance they had else  
Bound in fair symmetry & entire strength.  
A cord there is which heaven doth us to bind  
Two lives in one; with such considerate care  
In fixing each to each, that thus they grow  
The two, one higher being: the strength of each  
Is strengthened so; the beauty, beautified,  
While the thin places in each character  
Pieced & sustained by strong parts in the other  
Do safely so endure the wear of life



Looking, our hearts do sink in fear;  
 Seen from afar, how fair! Draw near  
 The vision of the Lamb appals! <sup>one part with</sup> How wide is  
 From this continuous dying that constrains us?

Thy meat: like His, to do the Father's will  
~~The Word that bids thee~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~proves as bread to fill~~  
 Behold, the Word that bids is meat to fill

Hence, Charmer-wise as false - who know'st so well  
 With truth to trick thy tale!  
 These stones in earth yield meat to holy spell:-  
 Take thy last to thee. selfish aims expel,  
 So, comfort - shall not fail!  
 Seek not mine own ease, but the Father's will  
 And Duty, strong man's meat - thy soul shall fill  
 Duty, the Master's meat, this we shall fill



11p71cmc10  
fairer than all the sons of men.  
Lovely, beyond our loveless ken,  
The beauty of the Lord our God upon Him,  
Oh, wherefore saiest thou we should not desire Him!

A sacrifice, with red wounds scar'd -  
Ah, pity he should be so marr'd!  
But dear love tokens are the stripes upon Him,  
And more than any grace do bind us to Him.

Not cherish'd of our love alone -  
Our need, His every pang doth own:  
Nung'ring & hopeless, we save for His dying,  
In evil state, <sup>Kingdom</sup> without the gates of righteousness were lying.

If this were all the tale, 'ere now  
But fair and dear, the Lamb wd own:  
But there is more: who Christ wd have a Saviour,  
Must take Him in a sacrifice, as ever.  
<sup>his salvation</sup>  
~~Must dying live in Christ and cry Hallelujah~~

Fast bound, a living sacrifice,  
With silent lips & patient eyes,  
And pierced hands that grasp not any treasure,  
And nailed feet that move not on His pleasure.



In the Wilderness - ilp73cmcl0  
I Of Dearness.

A solitary place; a heaven of brass,  
Fierce, shining, pitiless.

No sword beneath thy feet of yielding grass,  
Nor rugged ways of iron dost thou pass  
In painfullest distress.

The very dew forget their healing power,  
A smarting hail of dust, the only shower.

And Duty, barren Duty, all around,  
As stones of iron, cold;

And Law, fierce, flawless Law, the dreary bound,  
That shuts in all thy heavens: no dream is found  
Nor food, nor sheltering fold;

No ease, no hope, no human love to bless  
Thy fainting in this hungry wilderness.

But list, a voice - low, friendly is the tone -  
"Nay, hath God set thee here

And does He offer for thy meat a stone?  
Then is it that He knows thy will alone

Can bid abundant cheer;  
Give up these toils, sit soft and take thine ease,  
And lo, these stones shall feed this desert place!



ilp74cmcl0  
"He give thanks to Thee for thy great glory."

In hours of holy rapture, when the soul,  
Like quietings of strongest, gentlest hand,  
Like tones of dear control in voice beloved,  
Feels God's deep peace descend;—close, audible  
As tho' through outward sense the Spirit wrought  
And the still air stirr'd with the Breath of Life;  
All buoyant with the joy of sins forgiven,  
She quits herself and mounts on eager wing  
To raise in holiest hour her highest lay:  
Full short <sup>epochs</sup> the hour to utter praises meet,  
And from the blessings crowding for her thanks  
I now make choice of that surpassing good  
Which she shall hymn in her most worthy song.  
Of what is she most glad?

Can any gift—

More higher praise, the deeper thanks. Than Life,  
This manifold, deep life! O what a thing,  
Outstripping wonder, making praise ashamed  
That God should make one creature vast enough  
To hold, unfill'd, His whole Universe! He  
Spreading abroad his myriad needy pores  
More suction draws in all of earth & heaven,  
More makes continual prey,—insatiable.  
The colour of a flower. Note of a bird  
The motion of a leaf stirred by the wind.  
Nothing so small but it is food to him.  
~~And thereby feeds himself~~



Peace and good will! glory and Peace - sweet peace  
 A grateful cadence strikes in the still soul  
 As liquid fall of oar on waters cool  
 And life's long, passionate endeavours cease  
 From turbulent desire comes release  
 And restless thought is under perfect rule  
 Sitting, meek scholar in the Master's school  
 In hope that to the meek shall scope increase  
 He shall not strive nor cry, nor in the street  
 For any due of His shall lift his voice;  
 But - One among the sons of men is meek  
 For the mild glory of His praise - rejoice  
 When cries are hushed in thee, strife at an end  
 The King holds court within. O soul, attend!

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ilp75cmc10

## In the Light

How fair thou art, O soul! how still a grace

Mantles thy face!

What pure cool chambers do thine eyes reveal?

Sure dwells in thee some luminous mystery?

As you dwell on that yet so shines to thee,  
I do but stand

In the Light.

What seest thou, O soul, when thou dost stand?

A shifting sand

Where vile things stir and live - cloth <sup>side</sup> <sup>stir</sup> <sup>envy</sup> <sup>spite</sup>

Malice and anger, all that preys on love -

Lo, this within me, cloth the Light-reprove!

Wherefore I stand

In the Light.

O soul, poor soul, how bearest thou such sight?

How sad a plight!

Aye, sad, but there is help beside the pain;

Help in a word; I do but say to One

"Lord, I am vile!" and lo, the ill's <sup>is gone</sup> undone!

I blameless, stand

In the Light.

Seest thou no more? I see a foe who stands

With carried bands

Surrounding me, and from his hand each hour



11 p 77 cm 10

A poison'd dart! Poor soul, how scapest thou?  
One bears a shield - not a dart shall he allow  
To wound who stand  
In the Light.

This the whole cheer, poor soul, light-brings to thee  
May, One I see -  
In heaven, in earth but One: none may release  
In any <sup>comprehension</sup> understand, I save them who see  
The <sup>beating</sup> glory of this Vision. He shines on me,  
And thus I stand In the Light!

Hast any more to tell? I see the way,  
The devious way  
My feet must tread mark'd out all fair for me;  
A path I ne'er had found, no finding, kept,  
Save for the Day: in the past night I slept  
But now do walk In the Light.

And more - I see all souls about me shine;  
In Light-divine  
Fair do they flow; the light-baths shined on all  
Though not all know; and, ah, this heart would turn  
The arms of brotherhood round all, that so  
We constant stand  
In the Light!



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ilp 79 cmc 10

II

What is Thy glory, Lord? lighten our eyes  
That we may know the face of that we praise.  
Where is it manifested? In the Word  
That called from out the womb of Thy great might  
The worlds and all things in them? In the Eye  
That rests with equal gaze on all Thy works?  
The even Harlot that silently controls  
The vagaries of all things with calm law?  
These we might name Thy glory: - not so thou.

"Shew me Thy glory!" - Thus Thy servant prayed  
Oppressed, confounded with the weight of life;  
Feeling that only in some added might  
He longer could endure. What looked he for?  
Display of Sovereign Power, whose memory  
Should make faith strong against all coming foe?  
Not thus the prayer was read: but, "I will make  
"My goodness pass before Thee." The still'd heart  
Acknowledges the answer. Therein lies  
All, more than all the weary prophet sought.  
Thy Goodness is Thy Glory and our rest.

"My goodness pass before Thee" - how, O Lord?  
What vision opened on Thy servant's eyes?  
Did shifting scenes portray the mighty tale  
Of the world's history wrought out by Thee?



11p 80 cmc 10  
Didst Thou lay open to His favoured page  
The souls of all Thy children, and reveal  
Thy strange, sweet secret dealings with each soul?  
Did the long ranks of angels, filing slow  
Pass the enraptured seer proclaiming each  
Some single beauty of Thy holiness?  
Thy story does not shew. Yet would we know;  
Not prying with unbidden, curious eyes  
Among the secrets God has not revealed  
But as the need which woke the prophecy  
Is ours as much as his, that we may bear  
The burden laid upon us, O manifest  
The glory of Thy goodness to our eyes!  
No measured revelation will suffice:  
Thy goodness which each life appropriates  
And uses for all lower purposes,  
To live and move, repose and labour in,  
Though it be of Thee, flowing from Thyself,  
Yet this is not the glory we would see:  
Powerless it is to fill the awful void  
Which Thou hast left in every soul of man!  
In it completeness - the vast Infinite -  
This must we see or die. O who for us  
Will draw the light dispersed into one sun?  
Thy goodness fills the earth, upholds the heavens,  
Stretches beyond to the extremest verge  
Of the dim space which ever bounteous view;  
To see its fulness, we must climb Thy throne  
Whence only all Thy works are visible!



O gather up the scraps! body them <sup>ilp2lmc10</sup> forth  
In form that we may grasp: and ~~that our eyes~~  
May look, and look, undappled, till we grow  
To some faint likeness of the thing we see,  
Cover the glorious brightness with a veil!

"I am the world's true Light."

Our Lord, our God!  
Thy perfect goodness is thy dearest gift.  
The glory that Thy Church thus thanks Thee for,  
Is shrouded by the veil of what being,  
What the perfect glory of Thy Church is praise.  
Shadlow



"The cup my Father giveth" - Then, poor soul -  
 I in then! - couldst hold out hands to take the cup  
 Tho' thick the bitterness, couldst drink it up!  
 One savor'd with this knowledge! Alas, the sole  
 Too nauseous drop. ~~The~~ poison to the whole  
 Is that thy cup sure hath in hell been brew'd  
 So is it with strife & all distrust unbred.  
 So <sup>dark</sup> separate & thick the black drops roll,  
 For what to do with God has scorn of friends?  
 And variance born of actions read amiss?  
 Or the sick shame of him who forfeits bliss -  
 By ~~unworthy~~ <sup>unworthy</sup> forming. In whom loves reverence <sup>and</sup>  
 With nearest knowledge? Too full the draught for <sup>him</sup>  
~~When men fill his own cup & Satan stir!~~

As deep you are?

to T. H.



"I knowest that I love Thee, O my Lord!"  
 How sore & drear and objectless the life  
 Of the poor man who had so wronged his friend  
 Done such despite to his so gracious Master,  
 If never more through all his weary days  
 His Lord had come to listen to his vows!

Is such a pain is ours: how lead the faith,  
 How find so'er the love we bore our dead,  
 Oh, now we ache to say, not that we loved,  
 Love rests not in the past - but that we love!  
 Just - once to say we love; sure that they hear;  
 Sure that, now knowing all, they know it true.

Lacking this, whence shall our comfort come  
 When busy thought brings new food for our woe,  
 Some tenderness of which we took small heed,  
 Some weakness that our hardness fail'd to cherish,  
 Some gracious sweetness we were slow to love  
 Or that dear chiding we so yearn for now  
 We go our desolate way with none to hinder.

They've taken our loved ones, & we know not whither  
 We make our dreary noon; while our poor feet  
 Fall heavy on the stairs with ~~weight~~ of loss,  
 Loss of the spring that moved all life in us.



ilp84cmc10  
We try to live as though the void were not,  
Take up old cares & new; crowd time with work,  
But the cold cruel sense of loss remains,  
Assumes a being, glides about the rooms,  
Meets us in every corner of our homes,  
The dull bare homes from which all grace has fled.

We are so weak, we cannot - bear alone  
This bitterness; but could we only once  
See the dear hands outstretch'd in pitying love,  
See <sup>their</sup> <sup>eyes</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>pain</sup> <sup>tears</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>God</sup> <sup>shall</sup> <sup>wipe</sup> <sup>drops</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>pain</sup>,  
Hear our own name in long familiar tones  
All tender with their pity - oh then could we  
Endure for their dear sakes e'en loss of them.

And must we weep alone - has He who knew  
So well to ease their pain who wept for Him  
Left us all comfortless for other loss?  
Nay, from our own weak thoughts this dimness  
With Him - in Him, there all his promise ends;  
Is it not Christ, who nourish our dear dead  
To yon child distant brightness we name heaven,  
So wondrous in the glare of its great glory,  
That all the comfort the soft heart can reach  
Is that some other dear ones pass before  
May make these feel at home in the new land.



ilp85cmcl0  
A sweeter hope Christ leaves - They are with Him,  
And He, - about our paths, about our bed,  
Spying out all our ways. In His new life  
May we read theirs: ~~to~~ them may breathe "Thou knowest"  
May, if our faith fail not, may hear them breathe  
Sweet comfort ~~to~~ <sup>our</sup> spirits. As in a glass  
Their minds & ways are mirrored in His face.  
Only a common comfort would He give  
Was bless, unlike all other mourners, those  
Who wept Him slain; seeing our dead in Him,  
We too may ease ourselves, & breathe "Thou knowest"  
In the loved ears: yea if our faith fail not  
May hear & can speak ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> soothing back again.  
So I am always with you - His dear word  
In whom our dead do live; they are with Him,  
With Him, are with us always.

Of the world

Is the dim living dawn where we seat our dead;  
The heaven of Christ is ruled by other laws;  
A blessed change in state, tho' none in place  
And none in kindly nature; a full bliss  
Which ev'rmore shall fill & not overflow;  
A lifting up for ever, which yet doth know  
Three fuller consummations: the first we taste  
When Christ our King shines in upon our souls.  
Our holy dead are raised to the next state  
Where pure eyes see the King in all his beauty  
And happy service bears no clog of flesh;



Even they must wait - the final bliss <sup>shall</sup> till late  
Be father'd in, & ransom'd flesh arise  
The glorious mate of spirit. No cumbrous change  
Of circumstance & place. Even then need <sup>be</sup>  
For frames of light that pass thro' closed doors,  
Appear or vanish by an act of will;  
Knowledge & service ask but little room.  
But of the exceeding plenty of our God  
New blisses may be born.

And do we rob our loved ones from our ease,  
Take them from glorious seats to bid them range  
Ejected tenants where was once their home?  
Not greater than their Lord's may be their state  
And He abides with us.

Get of their joy

Jealous are we, with jealousy unreasoning:  
We fix them far away to our sore loss,  
That they may grieve; nor ever ask ourselves  
What, might we choose, would be our <sup>spirit's</sup> best bliss,  
A spiritual bliss, for spirits meet?  
To see our God, to know Him as He is,  
A flood of knowledge, bursting on the soul,  
Infinite, satisfying, yet to grow

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With every moment of eternity  
 Nor yet exhaust His fulness.

To lose all self  
 In the strong flowing of our love to Him.  
 To taste at last—

The sweetest joy of love, effectual service:  
 These the pure element in which shall live  
 All secondary bliss.



11 p 88 cmc 10  
~~Accept ye become as little children~~  
Of such is the Kingdom.

In the Kingdom are the children;  
You may read it in their eyes;  
All the freedom of the Kingdom  
In their careless humour lies.

Very winsome are the children  
Yet what-merit in their grace?  
Small the pains they take for goodness  
Scarce <sup>hardly</sup> they know stern Duty's face.

Very faulty are the children.  
Yet well-pleasing to their King;  
Little thought they take to serve Him;  
Yet, the chosen offering bring.

Ours the weary, long endeavour,  
Theirs, the happy entering in;  
Ours to strive, and wait, and labour,  
Theirs, to joy before the King!

Accept ye be as the children,  
In my realm ye have no place:-  
O how much would we learn  
The glad secret of their grace!



ilp88cmcl0  
Not in holy, painful living;  
Not in tears, nor even in prayers;  
Not in white days, pure from sinning;  
No such perfectness is theirs.

ilp89cmcl0  
What thought-do they to earn the Kingdom?  
Only this they leave undone -  
Suffering Christ to reign within them,  
They in nought usurp His throne.

On the children's brows no <sup>within</sup> token  
That themselves do fill their thought;  
In the children's hearts no striving  
That to them be honour brought.

Therefore finds the King an entrance;  
Freely goes He out-and in;  
Sheds the gladness of His presence;  
For the babes, with victory win!



ilp90cmC10  
The Better Part:

Once a little child, he pondered  
With wide eyes on life's strange ways;  
Seeing, noting, learning, wondering  
Passed the mystery of those days.

For a time for pain & gladness  
Sin and for dross had their part.  
Only self had not obtained  
Yet the worship of his heart.

This we know, tho' mute the story;  
This is true of us and him:—

Next we see him stretched in anguish  
Behaving brow and tortured limb.

And the anguish all deserved,

From his own mouth judge his case;  
Lam despised and life despised.

Where for mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that rend him  
In those hours upon the tree!—

Does he curse the day that gave him  
Life for sin and misery?



ilp91 cmc10

Circumstances strong against him  
Does he pity his own fall?  
Or all ordered in his favour  
Does remorseful fear appal?

Does the present awful anguish  
Dull his sense to all beside,  
Or from terrors of the judgment-  
Would his covering thoughts fair hide?

As a child again, he ponders  
Thoughts where self has no concern;  
In the agonies of dying  
Does he wonder, mark and learn.

Self is powerless to express him  
While that Other husheth near;  
All his soul is bent in worship,  
Discerning love has swallow'd fear.

Not his own life, but that Other  
Passes him in swift review:  
Such a Life, and such a Dying! -  
Sure His Kingship must be true!



Then his own need comes before him  
In Thy kingdom, think on me!  
In the kingdom of the child-like  
How he shewn himself to be.

By no strange sovereign act of mercy  
Does his Lord accept that prayer;  
But according to his promise  
That all child souls shall be there.

Not degree in guilt determines  
The lost state of any soul;  
He who breaks one least commandment  
Is as though he broke the whole.

A heart to ponder on the Saviour  
A single eye to see the King,  
This that faith, the one condition  
That doth to his kingdom bring.

This is faith, the royal passion  
Apostle the kingdom's gate to bring



## A Parable -

ilp93cmc10

A father, who his sons would send  
To goal remote for weighty end,  
First-called, and bound on <sup>each</sup> them the load  
Whose conduct - safe upon the road  
Was their chief care: on each that share  
His strength just-fitted him to bear.  
Scarce felt: at first; they weigh they bore,  
Amid the burden pressures sore  
Upon the weak of the two.

The father, wise, had out of view  
Bound on their backs the load: now he  
Must bring it round, its size to see,  
Then in his hands doth pose and weigh,  
And to his comrades doth loud cry,  
My brothers do but feel the weight!  
How walk sustaining such a freight?  
Nay, brothers, let me ease on thee  
But one end of my load, so we  
May go with equal pace. Agreed;  
But now they <sup>get</sup> <sup>larger</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>soon</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>go</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>slackened</sup> <sup>speed</sup>:  
Uneven steps, ill-balanced weight,  
Doubles for each his former freight.  
Good brother, <sup>wouldst</sup> <sup>thou</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>bear</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>whole</sup>?  
I know thee strong, a valiant soul,  
And I so weak! Full sweet it were  
Thine onward in thy strength to go!



ilp93cmc10  
ilp94cmc10  
Forgetting that he bears behind,  
The brother yields; ere long to find  
A wisdom surer than his own  
Had given a burden, which alone,  
Was all his strength could well sustain:  
Now, then must take the load again,  
It is too much; & why shouldst thou  
Go free whilst I twice burden'd bow?  
Whereat his brother plains and frets,  
But still to take his load forgets—  
I thought thou lov'dst me; now I know  
Thy fondness but a treacherous show!—  
Thenceforth with hearts divided, they  
Fall out—and wrangle by the way!

---

The little girl is sad—what troubles her?  
But fresh the hurt, & will not bear just yet—  
The touch of words; so "Nothing," she replies:  
Further urged, the reticence sweet-mistrust  
Casts o'er feeling drops aside, and "A poor man,  
No good, no friends, no bed to lie upon,—  
No has she words for more, for tears & sob  
That—beats the little frame with holy passion,  
An agony of pity.



Alas, sweet souls, ye fell! Eat not alone,  
 Ah, not so low as we! Abashed are ye,  
 Where God was all, a separate self to see,  
 And, naked, conscious souls, impetuous  
 And hide yourselves for shame! Your Fall's <sup>unavoidable</sup>  
 Perpetual sense of I - inherit we:  
 Our child-souls quit their paradise to be  
 Trist in a fallen estate, that day they know  
 Themselves for entities with powers & parts:  
 But oh, the difference! Ye who did dwell  
 In the light of God, see from what height ye fell,  
 And loathe the recreant self that fleeth from the  
 Complacent: we dwell with admiring gaze,  
 Of madd'ning, pity, <sup>eye-mordant</sup> that we dare not pursue.  
 No fraction shows in us - complacent thought  
 Or ground or piteous, still with self is fraught



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11p96cm10  
A soul with folded powers  
Lits covering close: the hours  
Hang heavy on the wing  
As birds of night; no cry  
For joy, nor soar in hope,  
Nor ask for flight <sup>and</sup> scope;  
But wait in dreaminess -  
That asks not light to bless -  
A dull watch to maintain  
Such <sup>meanest</sup> smallest prey to gain  
As <sup>rich mean prey on wing</sup> shall suffice to keep  
Aloof the long death sleep  
So clear, yet so forbidding  
Whose tardiness, so chiding!

A soul with folded powers  
Lits covering close: the hours  
Hang heavy on the wing  
As birds of night; no cry  
For joy, nor soar in hope,  
Nor ask for any scope;  
But wait in dreaminess -  
That craves no light to bless -  
Such <sup>mean</sup> prey as may keep  
Aloof the long death sleep,  
So clear, yet so forbidding -  
Whose tardiness, so chiding!



Together drawn of God, & dowered with love  
 Of souls, that else had little common ground,  
 In Christ community of life are bound:  
 And sweet the care they for each other prove,  
 And wise the thought that studies to remove  
 All stumbling blocks from paths together trod:  
 And <sup>thus</sup> to these could draw daily nearer God  
 Through much forbearance, through long suffering <sup>kind</sup>  
 Through self-repression & the discipline  
 That borne for others, wins the perfect mind.  
 Yet not full easy to their feet these find  
 The appointed way; - through loneliness they win,  
 And <sup>one</sup> bumping cry that some should comprehend  
 Familiar holy walks with Christ their friend.

As the skill'd worker who would join in wood  
 Both deeply "dove-tail" & thus make of two  
 One perfect piece, so he there could see true  
 In correspondence <sup>with the life endued</sup> the <sup>dividers</sup> <sup>word</sup>  
 Of lying doubts can work no severance rude;  
 Thought fits on thought, feeling with feeling true,  
 And utter sympathy both wills combines.  
 And <sup>by</sup> this is heaven - a heaven that hath withstood  
 All offers of the Kingdom, so full its bliss,  
 What need have I of Thee? - the secret voice



Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but-rejoice  
 In God the Giver. Ah, heart that strips, & splits  
 At death or circumstance, for him, such part-  
 From <sup>love</sup> thus, complete without its God, the heart!  
 From <sup>well</sup> full within its God, the heart

Natures then be of such true correspondence,  
 As several pieces deftly "dove-tailed," they  
 Once fitted, lock together: no severance  
 In purpose, thought or will divides this way;  
 One life, <sup>one hope</sup>, one heart. & so, heaven is this!  
 A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:  
 What need have I of thee? the secret voice  
 Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but-rejoice  
 In God the Giver. <sup>Abraham</sup> Sends the decree,  
 And kind the condemnation that ordains  
 No mutual rest for them; but that they be  
 Of the Divides severed, till remains  
 No self, but only Christ: then <sup>one</sup> joined, they raise  
 One soul, with twofold powers, a twofold strain.  
 No <sup>image</sup> <sup>with twofold power</sup> <sup>their twofold heart</sup>



## A face to eter

The painfullest pulses of a common nature,  
 E'en as one strangely, utterly degraded  
 Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast  
 Of chance beholder. In that lower face  
 All downward drawing triumph; to purpose,  
 Sure that mouth ne'er was set, for ill or good;  
 No effort to lead life to any issue  
 Has left its firmer lines: too poor a soul  
 To see the good, too slow a will to grasp -  
 The flesh, a strong man, arm'd, has risen to rule!  
 But carry up your gaze. - The face is living! -  
 A life more obvious in its functions, quick  
 And vital than bodied being knows: - the eye,  
 Transfixed with mute amaz, discerns it grow,  
 And grow and grow, for ever rarer, higher:  
 E'en while you look, behold the face that first  
 So pained the view, vanishes from the canvas,  
 The first soul goes; and a new life, received  
 Down through those eyes, so insatiate in their gaze,  
 Quickens with strong desire, that is no wing  
 To bear to higher fields. Not far to seek  
 What her eyes thus drink in: she looks on God:  
 She sees the face of Christ, and in that look  
 Receives his life in her, & loses self!

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